NUMB. CCCCLXVII.

The SPECTATOR.

—— Quodcunque meæ poterunt Audere Camænæ
Seu Tibi par poterunt, ſeu, quod ſpes abnuit ultra;
Sive minus; certeque canent minus; omne vovemus
Hoc tibi; ne tanto careat mihi nomine Charta. Tibull. ad Meſſalam.

Tueſday, Auguſt 26. 1712.

THE Love of Praiſe is a Paſſion deeply fix'd in the Mind of every extraordinary Perſon, and thoſe who are moſt affected with it, ſeem moſt to partake of that Particle of the Divinity which diſtinguiſhes Mankind from the inferior Creation. The ſupreme Being it ſelf is moſt pleaſed with Praiſe and Thankſgiving; the other Part of our Duty is but an Acknowledgment of our Faults, whilſt this is the immediate Adoration of his Perfections. 'Twas an excellent Obſervation, That we then only deſpiſe Commendation when we ceaſe to deſerve it; and we have ſtill extant two Orations of *Tully* and *Pliny*, ſpoken to the greateſt and beſt Princes of all the *Roman* Emperors, who, no Doubt, heard with the greateſt Satisfaction, what even the moſt diſintereſted Perſons, and at ſo large a Diſtance of Time, cannot read without Admiration. *Cæſar* thought his Life conſiſted in the Breath of Praiſe, when he profeſs'd he had liv'd long enough for himſelf when he had for his Glory; others have ſacrific'd themſelves for a Name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themſelves to purchaſe a Sound which was not to commence till they were out of hearing: But by Merit and ſuperior Excellencies not only to gain, but, whilſt living, to enjoy a great and univerſal Reputation, is the laſt Degree of Happineſs which we can hope for here. Bad Characters are diſpers'd abroad with Profuſion, I hope for Example Sake, and (as Puniſhments are deſign'd by the Civil Power) more for the deterring the Innocent, than the chaſtiſing the Guilty. The Good are leſs frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer Originals of this Kind to copy after, or that, thro' the Malignity of our Nature, we rather delight in the Ridicule than the Virtues we find in others. However, it is but juſt, as well as pleaſing, even for Variety, ſometimes to give the World a Repreſentation of the bright Side of humane Nature, as well as the dark and gloomy! The Deſire of Imitation may, perhaps, be a greater Incentive to the Practice of what is good, than the Averſion we may conceive at what is blameable; the one immediately directs you what you ſhou'd do, whilſt the other only ſhews you what you ſhou'd avoid: And I cannot at preſent do this with more Satisfaction, than by endeavouring to do ſome Juſtice to the Character of *Manilius*.

It wou'd far exceed my preſent Deſign, to give a particular Deſcription of *Manilius* thro' all the Parts of his excellent Life: I ſhall now only draw him in his Retirement, and paſs over in Silence the various Arts, the courtly Manners, and the undeſigning Honeſty by which he attained the Honours he has enjoy'd, and which now give a Dignity and Veneration to the Eaſe he does enjoy. 'Tis here that he looks back with Pleaſure on the Waves and Billows thro' which he has ſteered to ſo fair an Haven; he is now intent upon the Practice of every Virtue, which a great Knowledge and Uſe of Mankind has diſcovered to be the moſt uſeful to them. Thus in his private domeſtick Employments he is no leſs glorious than in his publick; for 'tis in Reality a more difficult Taſk to be conſpicuous in a ſedentary inactive Life, than in one that is ſpent in Hurry and Buſineſs; Perſons engag'd in the latter, like Bodies violently agitated, from the Swiftneſs of their Motion have a Brightneſs added to them, which often vaniſhes when they are at Reſt; but if it then ſtill remain, it muſt be the Seeds of intrinſick Worth that thus ſhine out without any foreign Aid or Aſſiſtance.

His Liberality in another might almoſt bear the Name of Profuſion; he ſeems to think it laudable even in the Exceſs, like that River which moſt enriches when it overflows: But *Manilius* has too perfect a Taſte of the Pleaſure of doing good, ever to let it be out of his Power; and for that Reaſon he will have a juſt Oeconomy, and a ſplendid Frugality at home, the Fountain from whence thoſe Streams ſhould flow which he diſperſes abroad. He looks with Diſdain on thoſe who propoſe their Death as the Time when they are to begin their Munificence; he will both ſee and enjoy (which he then does in the higheſt Degree) what he beſtows himſelf; he will be the living Executor of his own Bounty, whilſt they who have

the Happiness to be within his Care and Pa-tronage, once, pray for the continuation of his Life, and their own good Fortune. No one is out of the reach of his Obligations; he knows how, by proper and becoming Methods, to raise himself to a Level with those of the highest Rank; and his good Nature is a sufficient Warrant against the want of those who are so unhappy as to be in the very lowest. One may say of him, as *Pindar* bids his Muse say of *Theron*.

Swear, that Theron *sure has sworn,*
No one near him soon'd be Poor.
Swear that none e'er had such a graceful Art,
Fortune's Free-Gifts as freely to impart,
With an unenvious Hand, and an unbounded Heart.

Never did *Atticus* succeed better in gaining the universal Love and Esteem of all Men, nor steer with more Success betwixt the Extreams of two contending Parties. 'Tis his peculiar Happiness, that while he espouses neither with an intemperate Zeal, he is not only admir'd, but, what is a more rare and unusual Felicity, he is belov'd and caress'd by both; and I never yet saw any Person, of whatsoever Age or Sex, but was immediately struck with the Merit of *Manilius*. There are many who are acceptable to some particular Persons, whilst the rest of Mankind look upon them with Coldness and Indifference; but he is the first whose entire good Fortune it is ever to please and to be pleased, wherever he comes to be admir'd, and where-ever he is absent, to be lamented. His Merit fares like the Pictures of *Raphael*, which are either seen with Admiration by all, or at least no one dare own he has no Taste for a Composition which has received so universal an Applause. Envy and Malice find it against their Interest to indulge Slander and Obloquy. 'Tis as hard for an Enemy to detract from, as for a Friend to add to his Praise. An Attempt upon his Reputation is a sure lessening of one's own; and there is but one Way to injure him, which is to refuse him his just Commendations, and be obstinately silent.

It is below him to catch the Sight with any Care of Dress; his outward Garb is but the Emblem of his Mind. It is genteel, plain, and unaffected; he knows that Gold and Embroidery can add nothing to the Opinion which all have of his Merit, and that he gives a Lustre to the plainest Dress, whilst 'tis impossible the richest should communicate any to him. He is still the principal Figure in the Room: He first engages your Eye, as if there were some Point of Light which shone stronger upon him than on any other Person.

He puts me in mind of a Story of the famous *Bussy d'Amboise*, who at an Assembly at Court, where every one appear'd with the utmost Magnificence, relying upon his own superior Behaviour, instead of adorning himself like the rest, put on that Day a plain Suit of Cloaths, and dress'd all his Servants in the most costly gay Habits he could procure: The Event was, that the Eyes of the whole Court were fix'd upon him, all the rest look'd like his Attendants, whilst he alone had the Air of a Person of Quality and Distinction.

Like *Aristippus*, whatever Shape or Condition he appears in, it still sits free and easy upon him; but in some Part of his Character, 'tis true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the Largeness of his present Circumstances, the Rectitude of his Judgment has so far corrected the Inclinations of his Ambition, that he will not trouble himself with either the Desires or Pursuits of any thing beyond his present Enjoyments.

A thousand obliging Things flow from him upon every Occasion, and they are always so just and natural, that it it is impossible to think he was at the least Pains to look for them. One would think it were the Dæmon of good Thoughts that discovered to him those Treasures, which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their Way. Nothing can equal the Pleasure is taken in hearing him speak, but the Satisfaction one receives in the Civility and Attention he pays to the Discourse of others. His Looks are a silent Commendation of what is good and praise-worthy, and a secret Reproof to what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without Danger of Intrusion, and to be cautious without seeming reserved. The Gravity of his Conversation is always enlivened with his Wit and Humour, and the Gayety of it is temper'd with something that is instructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are sure not to be merry at the Expence of your Reason, nor serious with the Loss of your good Humour; but, by a happy Mixture in his Temper, they either go together, or perpetually succeed each other. In fine, his whole Behaviour is equally distant from Constraint and Negligence, and he commands your Respect, whilst he gains your Heart.

There is in his whole Carriage such an engaging Softness, that one cannot perswade one's self he is ever actuated by those rougher Passions, which, wherever they find Place, seldom fail of shewing themselves in the outward Demeanour of the Persons they belong to: But his Constitution is a just Temperature between Indolence on one Hand and Violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, wherever his Affairs will give him Leave to follow his own Inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himself with Vigour and Resolution in the Service of his Prince, his Country, or his Friend.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Desire of several Persons of Quality.
It being the Time of Bartholomew-Fair.
By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Tuesday, being the 26th of August, will be presented a Comedy call'd Bartholomew Fair, written by the famous Ben Johnson: Quarlous by Mr. Mills, Cokes by Mr. Bullock, Wasp by Mr. Johnson, Lovelace by Mr. Doggett, Busy by Mr. Pack, Winwife by Mrs. Saunders, with the Merry Dance by Mr. Prince and others. It being the last Time of acting this Summer.

On Thursday the 28th Instant at Loyd's Coffee-house in Lombard-street, at 5 in the Afternoon, (Only one Hhd in a Lott), 55 Hhds of excellent new French Claret, chosen out of Margaux, Orion, and other of the best Growths of France, deep, bright, strong, fine, and of the true Flavour, near an entire Parcel, imitated from Ireland; and just arrived from Rochester; now in a Cellar against that End of Bartholomew Lane in Throgmorton-street on the North Side of the Royal Exchange. To be seen and tasted this Day and to Morrow from 9 to 1, and from 2 to 7, and all Thursday till the Time of Sale (viz. 5 Afternoon as above). To be sold by Tho. Tomkins, Broker, in Scething Lane in Tower-street,

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.